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Miscellanea.

THE movement against immoral literature, which has taken definite shape and grown into such a force in Ireland within the past few months, is one that must command the sympathies of every decent Catholic and indeed of every decent person whatever his religious tenets. It is a movement which sprang into being not a moment too soon. Many, perhaps, will think that it is even somewhat belated. When a disease, of its nature fatal, has been allowed to run its course for years unchecked, the patient's case may well seem desperate. And Ireland is just in the position of such a patient. For years she has lain the victim of a fell disease that has sapped the strength and brought about the ruin of mightier nations than

she—the appetite for the unclean. It is not a disease induced by any flaw in her own internal economy: it is an acquired taste, a false appetite created by well-maintained supplies of the noxious food—and “increase of appetite has grown by what it fed on.” For this state of things there is but one remedy: Cut off supplies, and let the natural appetite for wholesome food reassert itself and have full play. That remedy is now being applied, almost at the eleventh hour; but even so, we may be thankful and hope that the native vigour of her sound Catholic constitution will enable Ireland to shake herself free of the malady and recover the full robustness of her health.

* * * * *

We are the more encouraged in this hope by seeing that the movement just started has assumed all the earnestness and enthusiasm of a crusade, and has already, in less than three months, become almost national. It is wisely restricted in its scope. The immoral pabulum that is imported into this country comes in all sorts and shapes, from the cheap postcard to the pretentious novel. But one class of this pernicious rubbish has won a conspicuously bad pre-eminence: a certain type of weekly newspaper, which makes a speciality of supplying extended reports of divorce cases with every prurient detail possible, of exploiting crimes of violence and furnishing very full accounts of all the grossest and most shameful breaches of morality. And these are not the worst features of such newspapers, which, adding insult to injury, generally circulate on Sunday, which cry out to the passer-by on that day from the flaring posters at every newsagents' door, which are hawked through the streets by raucous newsboys on the Sunday mornings, and are thrust upon our Catholic people at the very church doors as they return from Mass. With such advertisement, and with the additional recommendation of cheapness, their circulation is naturally enormous; they find their way easily into the homes of the people, week by week, and carry their message of crime and depravity with them. The results upon the morals and mental outlook of their readers, and especially of their younger readers, may easily be conjectured, and are, indeed, matter of common knowledge. Prints like these and some others of a kindred nature are the publications of which the city of Limerick purged itself so drastically last October. Since then the movement has spread to nearly all the principal cities and towns of Ireland. Vigilance Committees have been formed to interview newsagents with a view of inducing them to renounce this immoral traffic, and of taking all the measures necessary to bring the recalcitrant to a sense of their duty. In many of the towns a clean sweep has already been made of these unclean productions: and even in Dublin—till recently a veritable Augean stable in this respect—the Vigilance Committee, with the aid of its local branches, has, in little more than a month, prevailed upon more than half of the newsagents to give a wide berth to the publications on its Black List. This is no bad work in a city in which, such a short time ago, 40,000 English Sunday

newspapers of the objectionable sort were distributed weekly : on an average one paper to each family ! Let us hope that before the New Year is much older such publications will be a drug in the Irish market.

* * * * *

It is not pretended, of course, by anyone that these newspapers are bad in their entirety, or that all those who buy them are inspired by evil or prurient motives. It has even been stated that they are for the most part purchased for the sale of their political articles, their football news, and so forth. That does not alter the fact that a large proportion of their space is devoted to catering for the lowest tastes and most degrading passions and appetites of the human animal. And the excuses which have been occasionally made for the support given to these papers remind us of the lines of George Crabbe on a similarly objectionable Sunday newspaper of his day, when he complained (more than a century ago !) that "No Sunday shines a sabbath on the Press."

Then lo ! the sainted Monitor is born,
Whose pious face some sacred texts adorn :
As artful sinners cloak the secret sin,
To veil with seeming grace the guile within ;
So Moral Essays on his front appear,
But all is carnal business in the rear.

The carnal business has grown and worsened very much in the century and a quarter elapsed since then, and if it is diluted with something more appropriate than sacred texts and moral essays, Crabbe's words may still serve to describe the policy of these disreputable prints.

* * * * *

Another remark has been rather commonly made during this movement, chiefly by parties themselves interested in the sale of this literature—that it is not fair to interfere with the means of livelihood of the poor newsagents, who after all must live. The naked and unabashed fatuity of this dictum hardly need be pointed out. Persons whose material existence and welfare depend upon the moral degradation of their fellows and upon the corrupting of the young and unwary are not worthy of much consideration. The same principle would justify the existence of the pickpocket or the pimp. The sooner all such social and moral pests are exterminated the better for society.

* * * * *

The present crusade is already assured of success. It has the powerful support of the Hierarchy of Ireland, it has the practical sympathy of most of the public bodies of the country, and it has the united forces of the Catholic clergy and the respectable laity of the country behind it. But let no Catholic think that the great corporate effort which is being made does away with the necessity of individual action. The movement is one in which every Catholic who is worthy of the name should take an active and earnest part, whether he is officially con-

nected with it or not. And we ask our readers, in view of this fact, to bear a helping hand in the work, which they can do in two very simple ways: (1) by keeping a sharp look out for those shops that purvey indecent publications and avoiding them as they would avoid plague-spots; (2) by doing all they can to support the Catholic weekly and monthly publications, and inducing their friends to do likewise.

* * * * *

We have received with pleasure the first number of *Golgotha*, a new monthly magazine, issued by the Passionists of Holland. It is beautifully printed on art paper, profusely illustrated, and is in every respect admirable. It is the same price as THE CROSS, and indeed in its general character rather closely resembles this magazine. We wish it a long and prosperous career.

* * * * *

Vol. I. of THE CROSS (bound) is now out of print, and can no longer be supplied. Our Christmas Number, which had a sale that surprised even ourselves, is also out of print.

His Friend.

THE different clocks in the city struck eleven; a huge bell boomed out far above the others, somewhere near by; and again in the distance, like a faint echo, a carillon chimed; with a preliminary whirr-r among its works a clock down in the house rapped out eleven hoarse notes, and then—as suddenly as its peace had been disturbed by the striking of the hour—the night was once more still. A figure on the bed in the corner of the attic stirred fretfully, and an impatient arm flung the clothes back. Presently the uncarpeted stairs began to creak, footsteps halted for a moment on the landing, and then, as the door was thrown open, the flickering light from a partly shaded candle shot across the ceiling. A woman stood on the threshold—an unlovely, clumsy figure, with a loose blouse falling open at the throat, and a dirty apron only half concealing a torn and too short skirt. She came forward, shielding the candle with her hand, and peering over into the shadow. For a moment she paused, looking down at the sleeper, and then, setting the light on a chair beyond the bed, busied herself about the room. Once when she turned round she saw that he had awakened and was watching her.

“So you’re awake,” she remarked. “Feelin’ better?”

The man on the bed made an effort to prop himself upon his elbow, but fell back with a sigh.

“I thought you weren’t coming again,” he said weakly.

“Well, it’s Saturday; ye know I’m always late o’ Saturdays. Here’s some milk for ye. Feel better?”

The man shook his head as he took the cup in his shaking hand. As though tired with that slight action, he set it down

unsteadily beside the light and turned wearily to the wall. He lay with closed eyes, and the woman stood watching him. He was nearing middle age; the luxuriant black hair, waving back from a broad white forehead, was plentifully streaked with grey; his unshaven cheeks were drawn and hollow with illness; but the refined cast of his wasted features and the tapering delicate hand that lay so inertly on the faded coverlet proclaimed his station in life to have been far above his present surroundings. Since, with the ready charity of the poor, she had taken on her already overladen shoulders the extra burden of "doing" for the strange tenant of the attic, the woman who stood watching him had puzzled herself many a time over the



"Here's some milk for ye. Feel better?"

mystery of her patient, and now she shrugged her shoulders once more as for the hundredth time she gave her question up. She put a kindly but ungentle hand under his shoulder and raised him up.

"Come," she said, "you drink this milk; I must be going."

He took it unprotestingly, and fell back again as her hand released him.

"Now, you go to sleep," she added; "you'll be feelin' better in the morning. I'll come in early. Good-night!"

She took up the candle and turned away, carrying the light before her. It sent a huge caricature of her ungainly figure lengthening up the wall and across the ceiling. At the door she paused and looked back. "It's a pity you ain't got no friends," she said slowly. A mirthless laugh came from the shadow in the corner. "Well," she retorted resentfully, "you might have had some if you'd done some honest work instead of sitting up here scratch-scratch all day long with your blessed papers and pens."

"I'll be well known some day," answered the weak voice. "I'll have friends then."

"And a lot of good they'll be to ye," muttered his nurse as she went out on to the landing. As the door closed and she went away down the creaking streets the man thought of his "friends" of years ago, who would be so strangely out of keeping with the rotten boards and low attic ceiling of the room which had bounded his world for the last few months. Some day, he thought, they would be proud to recall the days of their friendship—for the present the dog was down, so let him lie! Presently the moon shone from behind a cloud, and shot a beam of white light through the tiny window. He propped himself up once more and looked about him. Under the window stood a low table, with an ink-pot, some pens, and a pile of papers on it—this, with the chair and an improvised bookshelf over the bed, formed the entire furniture of the room. The moon disappeared again, and he lay back in the darkness. Presently his hand stole up under the pillow, and there was a rustling of paper as he drew forth a sheaf of manuscript. It was covered with his minute writing; from the steady opening sentence to the flourish under his name at the end it said what he had had to say, and, though it was pitch dark, he repeated passages to himself, turning the pages as though he was reading. This then was his "*raison d'être*," the wearying covering of page after page the only object of his life of loneliness and want, so that he might leave his message to the world; he who had been disheartened, disillusioned, a prey to despair, would warn others, would tell them even to throw life off before it fooled them.

"Oh, my book," he said caressingly, "you, too, will stand among your fellows some day, and you'll have done your work if you have shown but one poltroon the folly of striving to live against odds as I have done. *You'll* show them the way out—I hadn't the pluck to face it. A life the less means a fool the less—that's all."

He pushed the papers under his pillow and lay looking up at his books as the moonlight once more shone across them. A tall, shabby, brown one stood at the end—"The Anatomy of Melancholy, with all the Kinds, Causes, Symptoms, Prognostics, and several cures of it, in Three Partitions"—a jolly old companion despite its title; "Confessions of an Opium Eater," rubbing well-worn covers with "Elia's Essays"; a French novel or two, whose unknown authors had touched some sympathetic chord in this strange heart; an old herbal and a work by Wendell Holmes which, secondhand, had cost three dinners. A strange septet—and a strange world of which they held the doors. Since he had lacked the strength to fetch them down to read, their owner had had the fancy of picturing to himself their several authors standing before him, pulling the strings of their puppet shows, and making each their little world unroll itself before his eyes. There went old Burton, with his quips and quotations and quaint conceits; De Quincey, with his dreams and visions; and the sad little heroine of the unknown French novel; while "over the tea-cups" there dis-

puted and joked the Dictator and the Professor, sweet Number Five and garrulous Number Seven. It was all the world the man in the attic had known for nigh on a year and more; while weariness and weakness weighted his eyes, his tired brain made a last effort to call up a vision of his only friends and bid them keep him company in the forms with which his fancy had clothed them. To-night, mingled with the pleasure the memory of them brought him, came the ever joyful thought that ere long his own book would be greeted as a friend; would stand beside the best of them; that perchance some other might have the fancy to conjure up a vision of its author. If so, how would they picture him? As a benefactor surely——

His thoughts became confused, and he fell asleep. Before the morning he had passed beyond all earthly waking, and of his dreams and plans and failures only his book was left—the book that was to make his name famous and his memory cherished.

After he was taken away, a little child at play on the landing spied the half open door and peeped in. She saw the bare room with the empty bed in the corner, the little table under the window, and the broken chair. The cupboard door stood ajar; she tiptoed across the room and peeped in; in the corner lay a pile of loose sheets of paper. Oh, that was a treasure! With a quick look over her shoulder she darted forward and hastily gathered them up. It meant nothing to her that they were covered with fine writing—she hid them, holding them tightly to her under her tattered frock, and ran off on her bare feet down the creaking staircase, out across the yard, and up the narrow street. At the farther end was a plot of waste land bordering on the river; here she stopped, and selecting a break in the embankment where she could get near to the water, she settled herself down and pulled out her precious find. Soon a dozen or more of the sheets were twisted and folded into shape and a fleet of paper boats was sailing down the river, finding swift disaster where the currents met and eddied. This was great fun! One by one they disappeared; the child clapped her hands, laughing gleefully, and fashioned yet others to follow on their fate. After a while, when other fleets had met their fate in the swirling waters and all the paper boats were gone, the child ran back home. In her sleep that night she laughed again to herself as she dreamt of her brave fleet and its gallant sailing away to destruction. She would have been even more pleased with her childish work if she had been of a mind to understand its worth; for her boats had been made of the pages of a great and bad book, whose message was a message of despair, whose mission was to lure souls to their ruin.

And the spirit of the author, who had come to understand what it was he had tried to do, had stood over her, and watched while his work floated away on the tide; and he blessed her, for her innocence had prevented his evil, and her child hands had saved the souls he would have ruined.

LUCY M. CURD.

Sacrifice.

HOW few of us know what sacrifice really is, what it means, what it tells to this futile, listless, heedless world, going on its way to the beckoning of its own will, heeding no sign-posts, closing its ears to all sounds save the fairy music of its playtime and the siren-voice of sin.

We so often "pass this way" and never realise

What is this sacrifice,
This burning, beating thrill—
The giving of a great life
For a cause greater still.

We hear tales of old heroic saints and ascetic anchorites and get a dim, hazy notion of such things having been, but the memory means nothing to us beyond the picture of St. Jerome in the desert or the thought of the incredible condition of St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar.

Then one day we meet it, meet it visibly, tangibly on our way, feel its living breathing form. At first we cannot believe it, cannot absorb the reality of it, and we think we must be mistaken—that such greatness, such unselfishness cannot exist in this worthless, ephemeral world of ours.

It differs so vastly from all we meet in our daily lives, it seems to have come as a vision from another land—another life—to be an incarnation, as it were, of some lovely spirit that we can never behold and yet live.

Yet some of us know that the world is full of "souls that are hourly crucified on some new Calvary," but Alfred Noyes tells us they are "souls that are half seen amidst the crowd."

We pass them by; nay, often, though living at our side, we see not in our blindness that their faces are "tortured, white, and meek." This is the result of the everyday routine, the terrible influence of custom—"the bear's hug," as Stevenson says—which blinds men, and allows those dear faces unheeded to whiten evermore. These gentle souls live out their life "half seen amidst the crowd," the crowd of men's selfish desires and satisfactions.

As a supreme instance of this, witness our priests, our greatest helps on earth. What greater Calvary victim than the priest of God? I often think how seldom is his wonderful life realised by his people, his souls, his children, his little ones. They are so accustomed to stretch out their hand in danger and know that his will be there to grasp, so certain that his ear is ever open when their voices choose to cry, so sure of his willing, faithful watching when they are sick and worn.

This is all so usual, so ordinary, so unceasing that they never dream, or, what is worse, they forget, what he suffered and suffers to meet that grasp, to listen to and answer their cries, to anoint their dying frame.

Indeed the task is an easier one to tell of the joys he keeps than of those he lays aside and turns the key on for ever—his right to the lawful comforts of life, its softening solace, its little brightening influences, its small but “dear delights.” These are only the minutiae among “the great possessions” he turns his back on.

Do we ever think of the broken ties of home, of that vision of the sweet mother’s face, with its last wistful gaze when he latched that garden gate for the last time as “hers, only hers”? Does it ever cross our minds how his youth is stunted for the playtime he has missed—how he leaves the multifarious interests of the youths of this world’s life? How often are the weakness and consequent sadness of old age left untended and lonely in the vineyard of his work.

Absolutely alone the priest stands as the greatest form of sacrifice.

He not only gives up “dear delights,” but he takes on arduous, heavy duties—spends long years in study, out of the sun and the breeze. He bears the bitter heavy crosses and wearying worries of others who have no claim on his life, but for love of whom he will give that “all” night and day.

The thought that this is all for God’s sake, and for God alone, is a sanctuary too sacred for us to enter; we can only faintly realise that grand “renunciation” by which Tieck says, “can the real entrance on life be properly said to begin.” Yet, at that entrance the priest’s *whole* personal life is left—and *for ever*.

As I said, *sometimes* we meet this “burning sacrifice,” and awaken out of our cocoon state of existence, out of our wadded, sheltered lives, and we stand aghast at last—till the sobbing tones of our Miserere meet the living Te Deum of that priest’s work. One day we begin to realise that his Te Deum is sung, while he is crucified daily, hourly on the altar of sacrifice. Once let this be grasped, surely the people, his little ones, would be overwhelmed with the torrent of their own thoughts—kept back by the dam of selfish blindness—and they will echo Newman’s line—

Dread office this.

Do not we find the tending of our souls an arduous, engrossing duty? Does not the burden of labour sometimes weigh us down when the sorrows and trials invade the sweets of the work for God? What must the care of countless souls involve? Often many happy joys indeed, profound consolation, nay, even satisfaction; “let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter.”* But the daily hours of anxiety, the days of weary, fruitless seeking, the moments of patient, baffled pleading, the contact with the dead silence of negation, the haunting fear for his slipping sheep—think of this; and yet as he lies down at night he knows that with the dawn other souls will come to him, or he will seek them out. Sacrifice with the priest of God is almost superhuman in its entirety, its strength, its perfect, Divine cause—its eternity.

*Carlyle.

One lingers long on this witness for God in the world, this loved figure of the cloisters, of our cities and our lanes—this bearer of the torch and staff for the blind and lame.

The world is seamed with sacrifice—yea, and willing sacrifice offered with eager hearts and hurrying feet.

There is something so lovely in the very nature of willing sacrifice given from burning love. When the intensity of the delight at another's gain and happiness drowns the little miss we feel, when our loss is transfigured, when the glory of the good for others makes gold all else for us. This sacrifice is of its essence sweet, and we welcome it and hug it to our heart. At its call we leave all else and stumble in our haste.

Side by side with this is the hard but noble sacrifice, when the doing is hard to do, when we fain would muffle our ears at the call, seek to turn our eyes from the beckoning hand.

Dear, gentle George Herbert, in his peaceful Bemerton parsonage, gives us that wonderful struggle against the sacrificial call. Do you know that poem, "The Collar," with the beating of the human wings against the cage, the rebellious cries and longings for the free and joyful life?

What? Shall I ever sigh and pine?

My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind,

. . . . leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not: forsake thy cage.

.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad,

. . . .
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need,
Deserves his load.

Then these most perfect lines come as a mystic wave of peace—

But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, '*Child*':
And I replied, '*My Lord*.'

This is exquisite, just the Divine call of faint surprise, yet scarcely chastening sound, *My Child!* It seems to tear out the reader's heart in eagerness to know the answering cry, and we can almost see the prostrate form with its pulsing sob of remorse, *My Lord*. It is a verse fraught with tears, but tears with the happiness shining through—the sweets of sacrifice. For we can truly believe the *child* was gloriously glad in the peace of discovered Life.

I remember one November afternoon, in the mystic light of a Carmelite church, hearing a celebrated preacher on St. Theresa and her selfless life, and he spoke of the *necessary* sacrifice of will in life, and he tried to bring home the infinite happiness it brings. He said—

"Do you remember the day when you have wanted some-

thing very much, some concession, in the gain of which another would suffer, some despot's covet, and by dint of great persuasion, and perhaps with force, you have bent another to your will? When you have won the victory, and carried away the prize—just think—were you ever happy?" He said nothing more, and I wondered if there were one amongst us who could answer *Yes*.

We all know the word "sacrifice" is from the Latin *sacer* and *facio*, what is made sacred—and who makes it so?

Self is the only prison
That can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel
Who can bid the gates unroll;
And when he comes to call thee,
Arise and follow fast—
His way may lie through darkness,
But it leads to light at last.

EDITH PEARSON.

Leaves from the Annals of the Passionists in Great Britain and Ireland.

IX.

Foundation of St. Saviour's, Broadway. AFTER the death of the Ven. Father Dominic the task of guiding the destinies of the houses founded by him devolved upon Father Ignatius Spencer, who, though a man of great holiness and zeal, seemed hardly equal to the burden laid upon him. Accordingly in the summer of 1850 a Visitor-General was sent from Rome to England in the person of Father Eugene Martorelli. Changes forthwith took place, in most of which the hand of Providence could be clearly discerned. One of the first of these changes was the abandonment of our over-patronised house at Woodchester, already referred to, and the transference of its community to a new foundation at Broadway in Worcestershire.

Broadway is a picturesque village in the vale of Evesham. As an ecclesiastical benefice, it was in olden days in the gift of the Abbot of Pershore. So far back as in the reign of Edward the Confessor, according to the record in Domesday

Book, Broadway was called the land of St. Mary of Pershore. At the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. it shared the fate of other such lands. The modern ecclesiastical history of Broadway begins with the donation of £1,500 by a Mr. George Taylor (who died at Bath in 1813) for the purpose of founding a Catholic church and mission in that village. The work was undertaken by the Very Rev. John Austin Birdsall, President-General of the English Congregation of Benedictines, who began the building of the present modest church in May, 1828, and who, therefore, may be justly regarded as the founder of the Broadway mission. During the progress of the building operations, and indeed from some date in 1827, Mass was said in the house of a Catholic family named Collet—the head of which, by trade a shoemaker, had amassed a considerable fortune through a patent pill of his confection—and subsequently in a room in the Crown Inn. Father Birdsall's first intention was to establish simply a mission for the Catholics of the district, but with time his ambitions grew. He enlarged the small house originally built by the addition of a wing, brought several members of his Order over from Lanspring in Germany, and opened in 1835 an academy for young men, which became known as "the German College." The following curious notice from the Laity's Directory of 1836 gives some information as to the purpose and programme of this institution:

"German College, Broadway, Worcestershire, conducted by the gentlemen formerly of Lanspring in Germany.

"This College is peculiarly recommended to the natives of Germany, and of those countries in which the German language prevails, who are desirous of acquiring a speedy and well-grounded knowledge of the English, and to others desirous of learning the German language, particular attention being paid to its cultivation.

"The French language is taught by a native of France.

"In addition to a classical education, care is taken to fit the student, destined for public life, for the department in which he is intended to be placed. For this end, and for the acquisition of general knowledge, frequent conferences are held by the students in conjunction with their Masters, wherein not only Literature, the Arts and Sciences, but passing occurrences of the day, and the subjects which occupy the public mind, are made matter for discussion so as to familiarize the young aspirant to the interchange of opinions and the exercise of debate: strict regard being paid to elocution, which is regulated by the principles of the late Mr. Thelwall, by which also are resolved the rhythms of language and the anomalies of Modern Prosodies.

"For particulars apply to Rev. Mr. C. Kirshaw, Broadway, Worcestershire, or Very Rev. J. Birdsall, Cheltenham.

"Broadway is a post office village, on the road from Oxford to Worcester and from Cheltenham to Leamington; three London coaches pass through daily. . . ."

The German College, however, in spite of all the advantages

J. X. P. in J. Vice Master Elliott & Mary 1858
 From your letter I perceive that ^{your} success of writing is
 tolerably well. Therefore you must prepare yourself to
 preach in the pews and in the chapel. Prepare a short ser-
 mon for new year's day, let it be copied and committed by
 Fr. Ignatius, and you will read it from the chair to the
 congregation on that day. Be not afraid at all.
 - the people will listen with attention: they are
 accustomed to their sermons.
 I thank you for your good wishes. May Almi-
 ghthy God reward you and grant you an abundant
 of grace. I do not know whether any body will come
 from Italy. No to be any case we must do the will
 of God. Tell Fr. Ignatius that it is right what
 he has written etc. and not to forget to write a note
 to the tablet for the purpose of getting money to
 pay the expenses of travelling for our religious.
 Vale me et multa benedictio a domino
 D. O. P. Amicus in Christo
 Dominic of the Mother of God

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER (IN ENGLISH) FROM FATHER DOMINIC.

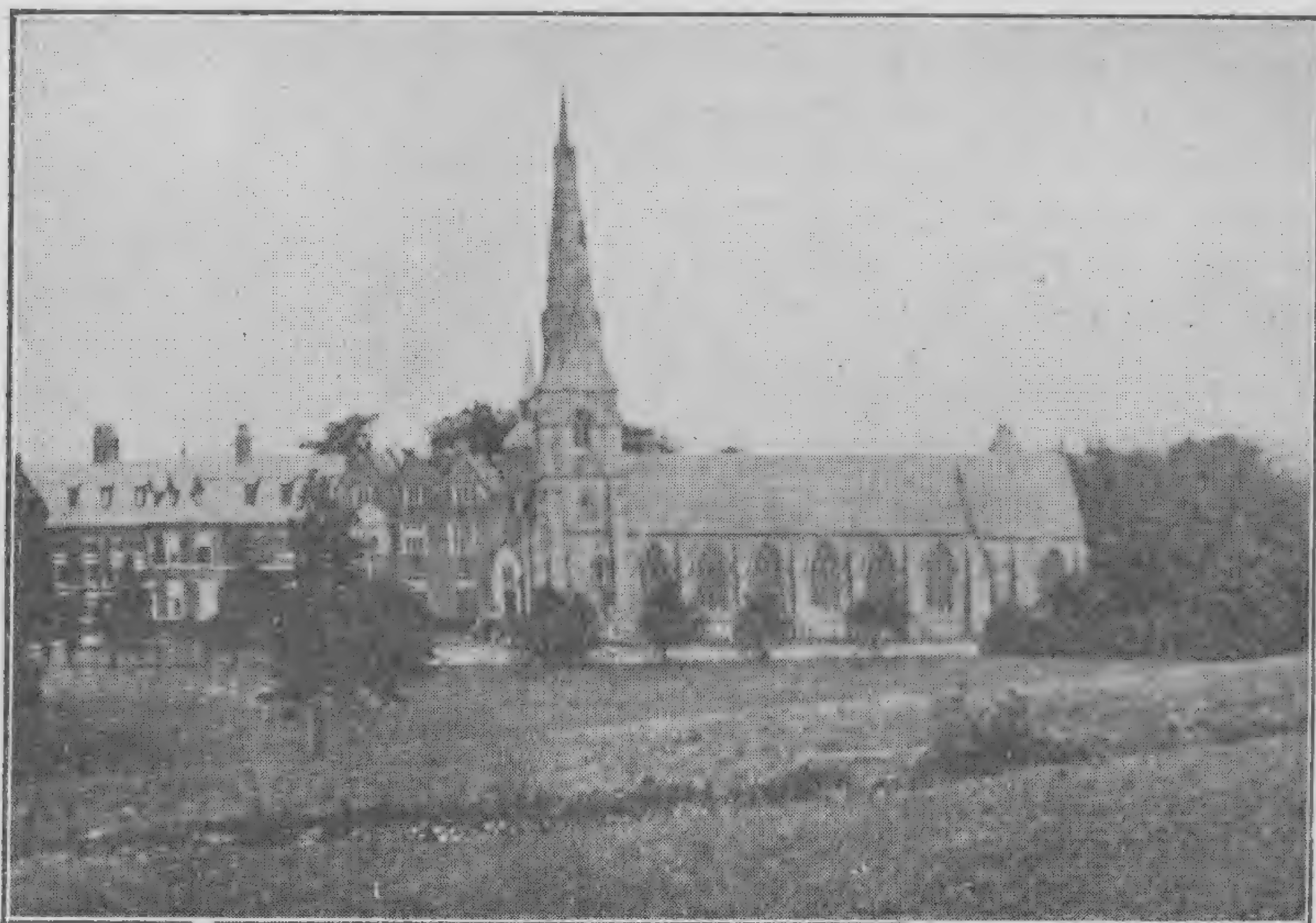
(Written to Father Louis, three months after that Father's arrival in England from Italy, encouraging him to preach in English.)

it offered, failed to attract students, and came to an untimely end in 1841. After the break-up of the College, the Benedictine Fathers retired to Cheltenham, to a mission already founded there by Father Birdsall. There were very few Catholics at Broadway, and little apparent prospect of making converts: it was thought unnecessary that a priest should permanently reside there, and so the house was left in charge of a servant, while one of the Fathers came from Cheltenham, about once a month, to celebrate Mass and administer the Sacraments. Thus matters remained for years: the small congregation gradually dwindled away: the house and church became a veritable burden to its possessors, who only looked for an opportunity to hand the buildings over to some other Religious Order that might turn them to account. When it became known that the Passionists were about to leave Woodchester, the Very Rev. Father Jenkins, who had succeeded Father Birdsall as Superior of the English Benedictines, offered the Broadway house and church as a new foundation to the Passionists. This took place about August 20th, 1850. When Father Eugene visited Broadway he was struck with the suitability of the site and its surroundings: an old pair of sandals found in the house seemed to give good omen of success: negotiations were entered into and were soon satisfactorily concluded. Father Vincent Grotti was sent to take formal possession on September 7th, and on the following day (the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady) celebrated the first Mass ever celebrated by a Passionist in the little church, and preached to the small congregation assembled. The regular community arrived on the 8th of the following month, and included several novices: for Broadway was destined to be the Novitiate of the Province and remained so from that day (with one short interval) till a few years ago.

The number of Catholics in the mission at that time was nominally forty, including those scattered over Campden and the surrounding villages: but most of these Catholics were nothing more than nominal, if indeed that, and, as a matter of fact, we began work with fourteen. Protestants, however, in good numbers, and even backsliders, began to be attracted to the church services: many placed themselves under instruction and were received into the Fold: the number of Catholics increased year by year, and in 1857, seven years after our arrival, the congregation numbered 200 souls, the number of Easter communicants that year being 124. Several new missions have since sprung up, and are flourishing, within the area of which the Fathers at Broadway had once sole care. And even in the diminished area that now belongs to the original mission the Catholics still total some hundreds. These results were not reached without much up-hill work, as will be seen in the sequel.

The original founder of the mission, good Abbot Birdsall, had died at Broadway in 1837, at the age of sixty-three, and was buried in the little cemetery attached to the church. His grave is still to be seen near the entrance.

Still another new foundation was made this year (1850). In the beautiful valley of the Churnet in Staffordshire, sheltered on the north and east by the Weaver Hills, and within two miles from Alton Towers, and about the same distance from Oakamoor railway station, lies a picturesque spot on which may be seen a cluster of ecclesiastical buildings. The nucleus of these buildings, known as Cotton Hall, with fourteen acres of land surrounding it, was presented to Father Faber in 1846, by the then Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury. Here Faber gathered around him a number of disciples and established what was destined to be a short-lived religious congregation known as "The Brothers of the Will of God." Father Dominic, who gave the spiritual exercises to the community in 1847, when asked by the founder his opinion of the "Congregation of the



ST. WILFRID'S RETREAT, COTTON HALL.

Will of God," is said to have replied that a better name for it would have been the "Congregation of the Will of Faber." However this may be, the Congregation had not the seed of immortality, and after a year or two its members amalgamated with the Oratorians, then first introduced into England. Shortly after the amalgamation Faber and his brethren, now full-blown Oratorians, left Cotton Hall for London, the Oratory being destined for work in the towns and cities rather than in country places. During his residence at Cotton, Faber had much enlarged the house, and had also built a fine chapel, both of which, with the grounds adjoining, were now offered to the Passionists (August, 1850). After some negotiations we entered into possession on Friday, December 13th, 1850, and on the following Sunday took up the work where the Oratorian Fathers had left it. Great hopes were entertained for this foundation: it was to be the House of Studies for the Province, and was

thus alluded to in the preamble to the Acts of the first Provincial Chapter. "The Fathers of the Oratory, who were in possession of it, made a gratuitous offer of it to our religious, the Earl of Shrewsbury consenting. St. Wilfrid's is, perhaps, the best establishment which the Congregation possesses in England. The double advantage of the solitude and amenity of the place, together with the amplitude and commodiousness of the building, render St. Wilfrid's peculiarly adapted for study. Some of our young religious have already been called thither, and when others shall have been added, St. Wilfrid's will become the seminary of the Province." Notwithstanding all these fine things we abandoned it in four years' time for reasons, good or bad, which will appear later.

In truth there was over-much making of foundations at this period of our history. Nothing in our internal circumstances warranted the multiplication of houses that went on. It was thrust on us from without. The grave fears that were entertained in Italy of a general dispersion of religious made the Superiors in that country anxious that asylums should be provided in England for the prospective exiles. The course of continental politics, however, ran another way, and, as a consequence, some of our new foundations became a burden and an anxiety. At the end of this year we had five houses in England, with only forty-one religious to man them: of these only twenty-one were priests, not more than fourteen of whom were fit for missionary work. Still there was no falling off in the number of missions and retreats given throughout the country. *(To be continued.)*

A Child Guest.

BY MARY T. MCKENNA,

*Author of "His Bounden Duty," "In Meath Meadows,"
"The Diamond Cave," etc., etc.*

GERARD GLEESON, barrister-at-law, rejoiced in a legal reputation of no mean standing. His brethren at the bar regarded him as a man of deep thought and wide reading, though it was a recognised fact he would never make a successful speaker. His tones were too clearly cold, too slowly measured to carry conviction; he lacked enthusiasm, and some added under their breath, heart—for heart is the spark that kindles enthusiasm.

It was as an unraveller of knotty legal questions, an expounder of abstruse legal points, the dark, keen-eyed barrister excelled.

From a social point of view, Mr. Gleeson was a blank failure; he never showed the slightest disposition to associate with men of his own age or class. His days were spent in hard, unremitting work, and, though still a young man, his acquaintances began to regard him as a mere legal machine, without heart or sentiment, indifferent alike to love and hate.

Astute and keen to the last degree, Gerard Gleeson was not slow to perceive these facts, and many a time, as he sat at evening in his sombre dining-room, his thoughts went back to what might have been, were it not for a few hasty words and a woman's proud defiance. Faith and prayer had never been much to him; to her they meant everything. He was too busy, too ambitious, too full of intellectual pride to permit of religion finding a place in his daily life.

He rather looked down upon the man or woman who was given to prayer, and tried very gently to intimate as much to the girl he loved.

He had seen her shrink and wince at some of his taunting, careless words, but he meant her to be acquainted with his views on religious matters. Of course, when married he could assert his authority over her, and intimate to her, after a more polished style than Jerry Cruncher, that he had a distinct objection to a wife who was given to "flopping."

But this opportunity did not arise. One evening he was more daringly scoffing than usual, where matters of religion were concerned.

He saw first an expression of pain cross Angela Joyce's beautiful face. Then her blue eyes flashed ominously.

"Do you call yourself a Christian—a Catholic—and yet speak like that?" she asked, reproachfully.

A sarcastic smile curved his lips.

"Men of the world have not such keen susceptibilities as prayerful young girls," he laughed. "When you are married to me, Angie, you must lay aside this exaggerated piety and learn to take things for what they are worth."

"Then I am to choose between God and you," she said very quietly. "Go your own way, Gerard; I will go mine. I trust we shall meet in Heaven."

He tried to reason with her, to make her see his point of view, but she remained obdurate, so he parted from her in anger—the one woman he had ever loved, or ever would love.

Like many another who has missed what is best in life, he found his panacea in work, but not that heartfelt peace of soul which religion alone can give.

He grew cold, unsympathetic, hard. Few sought his company, fewer still his friendship. Women regarded him as an enigma, children shrank from his presence in fear. Strange to relate, in spite of this last-mentioned fact, Gerard Gleeson had a distinct leaning for little ones.

Not that he made a public parade of his predilection, he was too reserved, too dignified for that. He only admired them from a distance, and knew they feared and disliked him in return.

On the mantle-shelf of his study stood the photo of a slim, fairy-like, little girl, his one child relative.

She was his sister's only child, and sometimes as he raised his eyes from a brief to meet the gaze of the sweet little picture face, he wondered if she too would fear and shrink from him like the rest.

He had never made the acquaintance of this small, smiling niece, who lived in a sunny southern town. Twice, at Christmas, he had promised himself a visit to his sister and her husband, and twice he had to relinquish the project because of some pressing business.

He never dreamed of small Moira paying *him* a visit, but as usual the unexpected happened. Her father's serious illness and a contemplated trip abroad for the recruiting of his health led to arrangements being made for the child's residence with him during her parents' absence.

Although readily undertaking the care of her, the barrister was somewhat troubled regarding his niece's welfare. He dreaded her proving inconsolable for the loss of her beloved parents, but most of all he dreaded her shrinking from him and disliking him as other children did.

His apprehensions, however, proved altogether groundless on the chilly evening, early in December, when Moira, with her nurse, arrived smiling and debonair.

"Are you my Uncle Gerry?" she asked, coming brightly forward, her small pink hand extended in the most friendly manner.

"Yes, I am your Uncle Gerry," the strong man replied smilingly.

"Mammy sent me to be your little girl until daddy and she come home. She told me I was to be very good and do just as you told me, and that you would love me and be very kind to me," the child announced as though repeating a lesson she had been taught.

"Yes, Moira we shall be great friends," Gerard returned as he took in every detail of the graceful little figure and pretty dimpled face. She was like her mother, like his mother too, and she had a strangely winning manner.

"Come little one," he said caressingly; "come, warm yourself at the fire."

"Mayn't I bring my toys in here?" she asked tentatively.

"Yes, dear," the barrister replied, with a glance round his trim study. "But won't you have something to eat first; you ought to be tired and hungry after such a long journey."

"No, I am not one scrap hungry, uncle. Nurse got me tea and cakes just before I came here, but the dollies must be fired tied up in brown paper all day."

"Mrs. Davis, please bring my niece her toys," he called peremptorily to the staid housekeeper.

"No, uncle, I'll get them myself," Moira cried, darting from the study, only to return a minute later with an unsymmetrical brown parcel, from which protruded a pair of doll's boots.

Mrs. Davis looked askance, but withdrew in silence on meeting her master's glance.

She doesn't shrink from me, he thought with a sigh of relief, as he watched Moira with curious eyes litter the hearth-rug with dolls' raiment, besprinkle the carpet with sawdust, and place a glorified teddy bear on the brief at which he was working.

"There now, uncle, they are all unpacked," she announced

grandly as she placed a chubby-faced wax doll sitting bolt upright on the fender and perilously near the fire.

She raised her wondrous blue eyes to the barrister's stern face.

"Don't you like my toys?" she asked almost pleadingly. "Daddy always played with my toys and wound up my brass engine for me, and helped me to put my dollies to bed."

She jumped quickly to her feet.

"Uncle!" she said, coming quite close to him and placing her hands on his knee, "are you very sad or cross?" She spoke with the confidence of a child who had been always used to love and kindness, and he felt her innocent eyes penetrate down into the locked chambers of his heart, where lay the pent up sentiments of his better nature.

Perhaps, she noticed his stern lips relax and a moisture come into his steel-grey eyes, for she crept coyly on to his knees and nestled her head on his shoulder.

"Uncle!" she asked sweetly, "what makes those two nasty frowns on your forehead?" and with a tiny pink finger she traced the lines of care that had already begun to show on his broad brow.

"I don't know, child," he answered dreamily.

"Mother told me if I were naughty and cross the bad fairies would put nasty frown marks on my forehead, but you aren't naughty and cross; are you, uncle?"

He did not answer; his grey eyes were fixed on her wonderingly.

"I am going to be your own little girl, uncle, until dear daddy and mother come home," she went on in a whisper. "Mother told me to love you very much, because you were lonely and had no little girl like me to care for you."

The barrister was silent.

"Mayn't I love you, uncle?" she asked, as with a tiny hand she stroked his firm-set jaw.

"Yes, Moira," he said quietly, and drawing her close to him, kissed almost passionately the child's fair brow.

For some minutes she lay in silent contentment, then giving vent to a little tired sigh, she said suddenly:

"Uncle, I am getting sleepy. I want to say my prayers and go to bed."

"Very well, child; I'll call nurse," he replied caressingly.

"No, uncle, don't call nurse," she objected. "I want to say my prayers with you just as I used to with mother. I don't want nurse."

Gerard Gleeson was nonplussed, more nonplussed than if he had been confronted with the knottiest of legal questions. He did not want to refuse the child just when she was beginning to like him; it would wound her, teach her to distrust him, and yet it was exceedingly distasteful to him to comply with her request. She noticed his hesitancy, and opening her blue eyes very wide asked reproachfully:

"Don't you say no prayers, uncle? 'cause if you don't know your prayers I'll teach them to you. I know mine all off."

He could not brook the expression of doubt and wonder depicted on her child face.

"Come," he said quickly, and knelt down to night prayers for the first time in many years.

In her shrill, childish voice she repeated the prayers he had said in the far-distant past at his mother's knee. Sometimes he found the words sticking in his throat as he thought of all that had passed and gone, since as an innocent boy he had lifted his pure young heart to God in praise and thanksgiving.

The world with all its fame and care had brought him little joy; perhaps, after all Angie was right, he mused, as he glanced down at Moira's fair face. Perhaps, I have missed the golden gate of happiness.

II.

They stood in the dim hall a white-faced group. The stern barrister, the staid housekeeper, the frightened nurse, the curious servants.

Moira alone was missing—Moira, the fair-haired child, who had become the light of the household, the idol of Gerard Gleeson's cold heart.

He had come back early from his chambers, with the idea of taking the little one on a shopping expedition, only to find her gone, no one knew where. Lost amid the busy, seething city streets.

In the hurry and confusion of Yuletide festivities the child had been allowed the run of the house. Nurse was too busy dispatching New Year's cards and gifts to give particular attention to her small charge, so little Moira had slipped out all unseen, through the great front door, in search of Uncle Gerry, who had promised to buy her the loveliest doll in the big city. Uncle is sure to be waiting somewhere for me, she thought, as she trotted gaily forward, scanning the faces of those she met with an interested air, stopping here to admire a gaily decorated shop window, or there to pat the rough coat of some friendly canine.

On she went, never waiting to look behind, a small crimson-cloaked figure, a confident smile playing about her lips, her golden curls peeping coyly from under her crimson hood.

Passers-by stood to glance wonderingly after her, and one old gentleman pinched her rosy cheeks, saying: "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"To meet my uncle," she answered solemnly, her round, blue eyes very wide open, but she did not wait to bandy words with him, she was far too important for that. She trotted bravely on, intent on her journey's end.

Up one street, down another, over the crossings, very close to the skirt of some passers-by, but always with wide, open eyes searching for one stern face, one tall, square-shouldered figure.

I'm afraid uncle will have bought the dollie if I don't meet him soon, she mused, and I want to tell him the dollie must have eyes that will shut and open.

First, one snowflake fluttered from the grey sky above, then another and another.

"Oh, the lovely white fluffy snow," the child cried in glee, holding out her little cold hands to catch the flakes. She was growing tired and hungry, yet she laughed aloud as she watched the pale, silent flakes chasing each other to the dark earth.

It was snowing just like this when little Jesus came. Mother told me all about it ever so long ago, Moira mused. Yes, and mother brought me to see the little Jesus in the crib, too, but uncle didn't; he said he hadn't time.

Her steps were flagging, and her tiny feet numb with cold. "I'm getting so tired and hungry," she sighed. "I do wish uncle would come quick. I want to go to the fire and warm my hands."

It was growing dark, and a strange fear sprang up in the child's heart. "Uncle, where are you?" she cried, as she wandered into a stream of light, and for the first time stood still to look around her.

People were passing in and out of a large building from which the light issued. Little Moira thought for a minute, then followed a lady in black, with a great mass of golden hair.

Into the warmth and light of a stately church they went, up a quiet side aisle, and right before a straw-roofed crib the lady knelt with reverent air and Moira followed her example.

"Oh, the lovely little Infant Jesus," the child whispered under her breath, drawing nearer and nearer to the crib, her small hands, now purple and numb with cold, stretched lovingly towards the Bambino.

The tears that a minute before glistened in her blue eyes were no longer there, and a smile played about her baby lips, for had she not found the crib and the Infant Jesus all by herself? The lady with the golden hair glanced wonderingly at the little crimson-cloaked figure, and the child, as if by instinct, raised to her a small dimpled face.

"Mayn't I kiss the little Jesus?" she asked softly.

The lady in black smiled sweetly as she said: "Yes, little one, the Child Jesus loves such as you."

Moira left her place, and, with much fervour, placed a kiss on the forehead of the Bambino, then creeping back close, very close to the lady in black, she whispered: "Please, have you seen my uncle anywhere? I've been looking for him, oh, so long and can't find him nowhere."

A concerned expression crossed the lady's pale face.

"Where do you live, child?" she asked. "How do you come to be out by yourself an evening like this?"

"I live in the big street with uncle, and I came out to look for him, oh, so long ago, but can't find him nowhere."

"I fear child, you are lost," the lady in black said, as she drew the small crimson-cloaked figure closer to her.

"Uncle Gerry is lost," the child said solemnly. "I can't find him nowhere, and I'm very cold and hungry."

The lady crossed herself reverently and rose from her knees. "Come, little one," she said quietly; "come with me."

Moira caught hold of the black-gloved hand, and they left the church together.

III.

All during the winter evening they had searched through crowded thoroughfares, stately squares, interminable streets, without a pause; then the darkness fell, and the drifting snow came swiftly, silently down. Gerard Gleeson, pale and haggard, turned his steps homeward in the vague hope that some good news might await him there. But, no. The hall where Moira had so joyously greeted his coming for the past few weeks was silent, nothing had been heard of the child, everything was as he had left it.

"My God! what shall I do," he muttered between clenched teeth, despair depicted on every line of his stern face. "How shall I break the news to her mother and delicate father if the worst happens?" and Moira's sweet little dimpled face seemed to rise before him, cold and woe-begone.

For the first time in many years Gerard Gleeson felt his heart turn to God for consolation.

Every human aid seemed to have failed him in his hour of need. God alone remained.

His mind involuntarily wandered back to an evening long ago when he had gone to Benediction with Angela Joyce, just to please her girlish whim. The church, the music, the prayers returned to him in a strangely vivid fashion. With the air of a man who has made a resolve, he turned towards the door and drew his collar up about his ears.

"Won't you take some dinner, sir?" Mrs. Davis queried in nervous tones as she watched her master's action.

"No!" Gerard returned decisively. "I want no dinner this evening."

He strode out into the darkness with bent head and hard-set features.

On he went with never a thought for self, never a pause, until he came to an unpretentious church in a quiet street.

He stood for an instant as if to make certain of something, then turning abruptly, passed into the edifice and softly up the nave.

He genuflected with reverent air and took his place near the High Altar.

It all seemed strangely familiar to him, the same church, the same altar, the same God, he mused, as when he and Angela had knelt side by side so long ago. He clasped his hands in silent supplication, and with bent head and tear-dimmed eyes the proud man prayed as he had never prayed before. Prayed that God might have mercy on him and send him back the innocent child he had learnt to love so well. It is presumption on your part to think that God will hear your prayers, whispered a small voice deep down in his heart, you who have despised and outraged Him in the past. He raised his head, and his eyes wandered from the tabernacle door, where the soft rays from the sanctuary lamp seemed to focus, and he murmured: "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

Someone who was kneeling a short distance from him, a lady in black, with coils of dark brown hair, raised her head with a soft, indrawn sigh.

He started: there was something strangely familiar in her pose and general outline. The blood rushed quickly to his cheeks; it was Angela, Angela, the white-souled beautiful girl he had parted from, because she loved her God better than all else.

He had seen her twice since then, but only at a distance. He had heard of her distinguishing herself in the sphere of social work, as the good angel of the poor and suffering. To-night she was close to him, very close, and he was in trouble. Surely God would not refuse to hear her prayer, so good, so pure.

He bent towards her. "Angela! Angela," he whispered. "Pray for me; I am in trouble, great trouble."

She turned on him a glance of wonder, then recognition dawned in her dark eyes. "Gerard, you here?" she murmured in gentle tones.

"Yes, Angela, pray for me, won't you?" he pleaded.

"Gerard, I pray for you always, but to-night I shall pray for you in particular; is there no other way I can help you?"

"My little niece, Moira, is lost, lost in the great city streets," he answered in low, sobbing tones. "Pray that God may send her safely home to me to-night. Pray that His angels may protect her from harm."

He crossed himself and passed out quickly into the drifting snow.

IV.

New Year's morning dawned bright and clear, as joyous bells called men to unite in prayer and thanksgiving over the birth of another year.

Through the snow trooped rich and poor to church and chapel, on their lips kindly greetings, in their eyes the light of happiness.

Gerard Gleeson heard the bells, watched the laughing, thoughtless groups, despair each minute gripping tighter at his heart. No clue to Moira's whereabouts had been gleaned through the long weary night. It seemed as if the earth had opened and swallowed her.

The detective, in whose hands the search had been placed, looked wise, declaring that it was very probably a case of kidnapping.

The very word had sent a cold shiver through Gerard, and filled his mind with strange forebodings. There is no telling into whose hands she has fallen, he mused, as he watched with mournful eyes the laughing, thoughtless throngs pass his window. Only villains kidnap, and how will sweet, innocent Moira fare in the hands of such. He had but one hope—Angela's prayers. I deserve nothing, he thought, but God surely will not refuse her supplication.

His reverie was broken by a light tap and the brisk entry of Mrs. Davis.

"A messenger has just left this, sir," the housekeeper proclaimed in tones of subdued excitement as she held towards him a salver on which reposed a faintly-scented pink envelope.

With trembling fingers he tore the note open, but hope died suddenly in his grey eyes as he drew forth a dainty New Year's card from Angela Joyce, with the inscription in pretty gold letters: "May every joy be thine throughout the glad New Year."

"My heaven! what a mockery," he cried; "'tis not like Angela to do this," and he turned the offending card over in his trembling fingers.

In large characters was written on the other side: "Come, I have good news for you."

For once Gerard Gleeson cast aside his calm, impassive exterior and gave vent to the joy in his heart.

"Mrs. Davis!" he cried excitedly, "there is good news—good news. I am off without delay. There is no doubt but the child is found."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mrs. Davis devoutly. "Thank God!" echoed the cook, housemaid and Moira's nurse in unison.

In an unprecedentedly short time Gerard found himself at Everton Lodge, Angela's residence, his grey eyes shining with expectancy, his dark face aglow with excitement.

"What news? What news, Angie?" he cried as she came smiling towards him.

"Good news! good news," she laughingly replied. "Come, follow me; you have not arrived at your destination yet. We must go to my married sister's; it is not far."

There they found little Moira, looking the picture of content, surrounded by playthings and waited on by a sunny-haired small boy of about her own years.

"Uncle Gerry! My own Uncle Gerry! I have found you at last," she cried on catching sight of him.

Gerard Gleeson stooped and caught the child in his strong arms with a cry of joy. "My own wee Moira—my own wee Moira," he exclaimed as he showered kisses on her small face.

"I knew you would come, uncle," Moira said confidently. "I told Tommy I couldn't stay with him long, that you would be looking for me," and she patted lovingly Gerard's square set jaw. The small boy referred to as Tommy threw aside the box of bricks with which he had been playing, and jumped to his feet.

"Are you going to take her away?" he asked, running his finger through his curly locks after a perplexed fashion.

"Not yet, Tommy dear," Angela answered; "the gentleman has to have some turkey and plum-pudding before he leaves us."

"Oh, then it is all right," Tommy answered resignedly, "'cause we were playing a game when he came in, just the same game that Aggie used to play with me."

Tommy's mother, a gentle-faced, golden-haired lady in black, turned aside for a moment at these words to hide the tears that gathered in her blue eyes. She was thinking of

Tommy's little sister, who had winged her flight to heaven a brief few months before, leaving them sad and lonely.

Angela drew the barrister aside to explain matters to him. Telling him how her sister had lost just such another little girl as little Moira, and narrating for his delectation how this same sister had found the child on New Year's Eve.

"I do believe if no owner had turned up for wee Moira, she would have always had a home here," Angela laughed. "There is no resisting her winning ways."

"I have found that out to my cost," Gerard Gleeson returned smiling. "I don't know how I am going to part with her when my sister comes home. "Angela," he went on solemnly, "I feel I owe her safety and well-being to your prayers; there was something providential in your sister finding the child. You see," he smiled, "I have begun to see things in a new light of late. Moira has taught me a long-forgotten lesson, and I mean to turn over a new leaf with the New Year, for I have at length realised, Angie, that you were right and I was wrong."

A faint blush rose to Angela's pale cheeks. "I knew my prayer would be heard," she said softly, as Moira came towards them in a subdued state of excitement.

"Uncle Gerry!" she cried, "I forgot to ask you, did you buy the lovely doll you promised me?"

"Not yet, Moira," the barrister returned, caressingly, "we shall both go to the big toy shop to-morrow, then you can choose just the doll you like best."

"Yes, and Tommy's aunt will dress it for me; won't you, please?" she cried, raising a pair of pleading eyes to Angela.

"Certainly, darling," Angela acquiesced as she kissed the little anxious face.

"T'ank you ever so much," Moira said vehemently; then turning to Gerard, she intimated in a stage whisper: "Uncle Gerry, Tommy's aunt is awful nice. I want her to be my aunt too."

The situation was an awkward one, and for one instant Gerard Gleeson was nonplussed as he glanced covertly into Angela's sweet face; then he said with a tremor in his voice: "Would to God, she were your aunt, child, that she would consent to complete the good work you have begun."

For one whole minute there was silence. Moira was puzzled at her uncle's words, and stood staring blankly before her. Gerard Gleeson felt stunned at his own audacity, and Angela's head was bent as if in thought.

With a gentle caress, Angela Joyce drew the child towards her. "Yes, darling, I will be your aunt," she said softly; "you have brought me joy and happiness with the glad New Year."

"Tommy," Moira exclaimed joyously, "your auntie is going to be my auntie too."

And so, with the dawn of the New Year, the cloud that had rested on these two lives broke, and the shadows that had come between them fled away at the touch of the magic of Innocence.



The Sacred Humanity.

THE principal devotion of this season is to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord: the created human nature assumed by the Son of God, Who is Himself God, when He became Jesus, our Saviour, Christ, the anointed priest of creation.

When man was created in original innocence, and in a state of grace and favour with his Creator, on that morning of our creation in the earthly paradise, he had sensible token of the presence of his God and conversed with Him. When he fell, as darkness waits for the earth when she turns from the sun, darkness, intellectual and moral, spread her wings over him, and has ever since shaded him while he has eaten "the bread of sorrow." But he has always longed again to see God—even with his eyes. The most ancient wisdom in the world—that of Egypt—looked for Him in the brightness of the sun, till they worshipped it! The Persian sought for Him in the pure and ethereal fire, and worshipped it! The Greek looked for traces of Him on sea and plain, on the summit of the mountain and in the grove! The poor Roman depicted Him as the embodiment of earthly power, even of earthly passion. Everywhere man had made images of what he thought He would be, and had fallen down and adored them.

Since the day when Sinai was crowned with the cloud and lit with the lightning at the giving of the Mosaic law, the saints and prophets of that dispensation had received a clearer knowledge of God's coming than those of the older law of nature; and this grows more and more distinct till it culminates in the magnificent prophecy of Isaias: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel" (*i.e.*, God-with-us). From that day all that was brightest in intellect, purest of heart, and highest in aspiration had looked aloft for its God, had cherished the undying hope in its innermost heart that some day the heavens would "rain down the Just."

And now He has come. "The mystery which hath been hidden from eternity in God" has been unfolded to the expectant eyes and wondering heart of man. He has come, not in some bright angelic form, nor in any form of new and undreamt-of beauty, but in form of man, nay, Himself verily a man! "The life eternal which was with the Father hath appeared to us," "Which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled" (Ep. St. John i. 1, 2).

He who took possession of and held that beautiful human life was, or rather *is*, the eternal God. He is God the Son, ever begotten of the Father in the one nature and life with Himself: their mutual love, the Holy Ghost, also a true Person, ever proceeding from both. He is "God of God, Light of Light," Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of all things. With Father and Holy Ghost, He has that divine nature which is itself all possible perfection, and that divine life which though a simple act, is itself the complete and perfect possession of eternal life.

And He, who is all this, without ceasing to be it, has assumed our human nature; with no change to His eternal life He has deigned also to live in time; He has created for Himself, and drawn to Himself, and taken possession of and made His very own, and still holds a human soul and body; the body not newly created, nor immediately formed of earth, but life descending to Him from the beating of Adam's heart through human ancestors, and miraculously bestowed upon Him by maiden-mother. There is an infant on a mother's lap, a child carried in her arms and hurried away to Egypt to save his life, a boy playing with other children on the roadside at Nazareth of Galilee, and He is God. There is a teacher traversing Judea and Samaria and Galilee, robed as other men, eating and drinking as they, to whom the elements are as rough, who can say, "Philip, he that seeth Me seeth the Father also," and "Before Abraham was, I am." There is a man declared deserving of death by his own people, condemned to death by a Roman governor, and, naked and helpless, nailed hand and foot to a Roman cross, whose own soul waits in sweet attendance on His own divine will to quit the trembling body, for He is the Lord God Omnipotent, the life-giver. Again, there is a living man leaving the sepulchre in the earliest dawn of Easter morning, conversing with his friends, and in the evening journeying on

the road to Emmaus, "for forty days appearing to them, and speaking of the Kingdom of God," who, "after He had spoken to them, was taken up into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God." And now "Jesus Christ yesterday, and to-day; and the same for ever." Now and for ever, the Sacred Humanity at the right hand of God, in that wonderful city which "hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it," "the Lamb is the lamp thereof": dwelling also on earth till this world shall break up, in the tabernacles of the Church, the Bridegroom with His Bride, and her countless children who have come from afar and risen up at her side.

Perhaps we have often wished it had been God's providence that we had lived in that distant time and in that far off Eastern land, where we could have seen the Sacred Humanity, and conversed word for word and face to face with Him, Who is God. If such desire be more than passing fancy, if it be really child of our heart, we should act as though we had been so privileged, we should love Him and live for Him as though the Sacred Humanity were present with us. And truly He is "not a God afar off." At any moment we can be in His presence. We can go to the church and kneel where the ever-burning lamp is the sign of His presence and the token of His undying love; there we can lift the veil that lies between the things of sense and spirit, and entering into the light of faith, find the Sacred Humanity beneath the sacramental species. Or we can go in imagination to that great day, the last of the world, and see the Sacred Humanity coming to gather the harvest of its Passion, "as lightning cometh out of the east, and appeareth again in the west." Or we can let hope bear us forward more quickly than the flight of time, and rest in loving expectation of God's own day, when the sight of the Sacred Humanity will be part of the joy "that no man shall take from us," and we shall have realised the prophecy of Job: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. And I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God; whom I myself shall see and my eyes behold."

PLACID WARING.

The Welsh Rome of the Passionists.

V.

How the New Religion Fared. We have seen that Henry VIII. left Carmarthen with only one church. Perhaps, it was enough after all to supply the needs of the time, for the Welsh, with few exceptions,

would not have the King's simulacrum of a religion at any price. It appears, indeed, that at first a good many of the ignorant kept up the habit of attending their parish churches on Sunday morning, for they had only the most

vague and confused notion of what was going forward. John Penry, a Welshman whom Elizabeth caused to be hanged for writing the "Martin Marprelate" pamphlets, and who was himself brought up a Protestant at Oxford University, writes that the Welsh everywhere, and especially in rural parts, had a horror of the new service, because the mere fact of its not being read in Latin convinced them that it was not the Mass. Then, he says, the ministers invented a fashion of reading one of the Lessons in English, of which their hearers understood not a word, and they assured the people that this was "the Latin Mass," or the essential part of it. Strype, when he visited Carmarthen, attended a service at St. Peter's, and was much perturbed by the behaviour of such worshippers as he found there. They made a horrid din by rattling their great wooden beads, and when the minister was consecrating the Sacrament, he tells us, they all prostrated themselves on the ground and beat their breasts madly. It was the practice to fasten a string of large, heavy beads over the shoulder or round the waist, and carry it about on the way to work and on all sorts of occasions. This was the rule in most parts of Wales well into the eighteenth century. It is probable, though not certain, that the public recital of the Rosary ceased about 1730 or 1740, when the new Dissenting preachers began to acquire influence; but the habit of making the sign of the Cross and of saying short night prayers to the Blessed Virgin was quite common down to fifty years ago or later.

Such being the temper of this unchanging people, it will easily be understood how the great majority of them shrank from attending the old churches as soon as they came to realise that by doing so they would be adopting a new religion. Their attitude to the Anglican Establishment remains to this hour what it was in the Tudor days. No doubt some weaklings went to the parish church once a year to "save their fines," and many youths would join in the ball-playing which always took place in the churchyard after the Sunday service. Few made any pretence of going to pray.

In the writings of the most extreme Protestants, like the late Dr. T. Rees, of Swansea, it is freely admitted that down to the middle of Elizabeth's reign, Protestantism had hardly even touched Wales, and there is plenty of evidence to show that for more than a hundred years afterwards its progress was wretchedly slow. In fact, the Faith was never rejected by the descendants of the Ancient Britons; it simply died out amongst a people who were left for generations without priests or teachers of any kind. There were great families in England who could hide and in some sense protect priests; in poor "Wild Wales" the case was different. The present writer, who has during the past forty years read a good deal on the history and antiquities of the Principality, is unable to recall the name of one notable Welshman who was trained up to adult age in the Catholic Faith and afterwards made a profession of Protestantism. If any exceptions be found in South Wales, probably the most notable case will be that of Jones, or Johnes, of Abermarlais, who, whatever his creed, was certainly on good

terms with Henry VIII. Jones married a certain lady who, like a multitude of other ladies from time to time, had become something of an incumbrance to the too tender-hearted monarch, and Henry showered favours upon him. It may well be asked how we find Jones here at all, seeing that Abermarlais had belonged to Sir Rhys ap Thomas and his heirs. It is another instance of the Reforming King's inhuman rapacity. Greedy though he was, Henry VII. was sensible of the immense services which Sir Rhys ap Thomas had rendered him, and generously augmented both his wealth and his territorial possessions. Henry VIII. saw in Sir Rhys' grandson, Rhys ap Griffith, a most desirable subject to operate upon, and resolved to repossess himself of his father's gifts with rich interest. Soon a lot of gossip was started about disloyal plotting on the part of Rhys ap Griffith; and being forthwith attainted of high treason, he was taken to the Tower of London and there beheaded. The whole of his large estates, together with £30,000 worth of jewels, were as a matter of course forfeited to the Crown.

Doubtless, in times of severe persecution, there was a good deal of hedging and quibbling in Wales among both clerics and laymen, and those who have studied Welshmen of the present day have often been tempted to say that they are not the stuff of which martyrs are made. Nevertheless, we must not forget that under Elizabeth, Wales furnished martyrs of whom the Church in any age or any country might feel proud. These were young native priests, mostly Jesuits, we believe, who had been educated abroad, and who ventured to return to their countrymen, though with hardly a hope of escaping the myrmidons of the Virgin Queen.

One of the priests executed at Cardiff went to the gallows rejoicing, and singing in the hearty manner in which few but a Welshman can sing. When Father William Davies was condemned to suffer at Carnarvon, no one in the town or district could be forced or bribed to hang a priest; but the martyr, while praying for the Queen, and declaring that he had no wish to thwart her gracious will, placed the rope around his own neck and swiftly passed to eternity. Surely there must be good in a race which even rarely produces such men. Father Arthur, who was hanged, bowelled and quartered here at Carmarthen in 1633, was, we may be pretty sure, a Welshman. His name almost proves as much. Some of his enemies reported that he was a Jesuit and an Irishman, thinking of course that these were the two allegations most calculated to alienate from him the sympathy of the common people. They circulated all sorts of contradictory reports to create prejudice against him, now saying that he had "conspired against the king's life," again that he "had cursed the king," and so on.

No. The new State-created Church never appealed to the heart of Wales, and such Welsh adherents as it can count upon at the present day have been for the most part recruited from Nonconformity within the last few generations.

(To be concluded.)

Sons of Martyrs.

BY ROSA VAGNOZZI.

X.

CLEMENT'S sickness had taken a sudden turn for the worse. In the delirium of his fever he called aloud on Lucius, Libyus, and Lois, and his excited imagination conjured up the shapes of lions and hyænas, the beasts of the amphitheatre, and he fancied he saw once more Mount Albanus.

Lucius and the deacon tended the sick man by turns. One day while the young noble was crossing the garden attached to the house for the purpose of calling one of the servants who was watering the plants, he heard a familiar voice crying out: "Lucius, Lucius." He looked towards the quarter whence the voice came, and saw sitting in a corner of the garden Phœbe, the faithful servant of his family, with her withered hands stretched out after the manner of the blind. He remembered hearing that on the day of his father's arrest she had disappeared from the house; and all his efforts to trace her had been in vain.

How, then, account for her presence now? He remained some time in doubt, and then approaching her he said: "Phœbe, you here?"

She laid her withered and trembling hands affectionately on the shoulders of the youth, and kissed his tunic, while from her sightless eyes the hot tears fell.

"My son! my son!" she exclaimed, "I have found you once more, but I cannot see you—I cannot see you."

"You blind?" he cried out, overcome with lively compassion for the poor soul.

"From the day on which I lost you," she went on, "I have never ceased weeping for you. Oh! that my eyes could see you, now that you are here. Still, I have heard your voice, and now I can die in peace. The gods be praised that you have escaped alive from Mount Albanus."

"From Mount Albanus!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "How did you know that I had taken refuge there?" He was much moved by the blindness of his poor old nurse, to whom he had been affectionately attached from childhood; and at the same time he was surprised that she knew his secret. "Who went to search for me," he asked, "at Mount Albanus?"

"Eusebius," was her reply.

"Eusebius?" he said. "Tell me all you know: how is it that you are blind?"

"They have blinded me," she answered. And in a voice broken by tears and sobs she told him how on the day that misfortune befell his house and that his father was sent to prison, she herself was led by force to the palace of Eusebius, where with gifts and threats she was urged to tell all she knew

about the family, and particularly about their riches. Nothing, however, could induce her to utter a word that might injure her master, and she even feigned deafness so as not to be obliged to answer their questions without having time for reflection. This expedient did not save her from ill-treatment and blows, and Eusebius, who saw that he was only losing his time with her, would have rid himself of her in one way or another had not his little daughter, who was bereft of her mother, clung affectionately to her. She, therefore, remained in the house as a slave after receiving a strict prohibition against leaving the premises or communicating with anyone. She became the nurse of the little one, who rewarded her care by her loving attachment; but days more evil still were in store for her.

Quintus Marcius, the father of Lucius, died a martyr in the amphitheatre, and Phœbe was obliged to witness the joy of Eusebius and his companions at the death of their victim. Her new master, believing that she was deaf, spoke freely with his confederates in her presence. She also watched at night at the door of the room in which Eusebius used to confer with the informers, and thus learned the deceit practised on Clement with a view to make him reveal the secret of Lucius's hiding place. She discovered all the particulars, the forging of the parchment by Orontes, the pretended Libyus; his palming off on Clement the false amulet affirming that it had once belonged to Lois; the scene of the skilfully-contrived capture in the house on the Coelimontane Hill, and the subsequent liberation of the prisoners: in a word, all the means by which Eusebius hoped to effect his short-sighted plan.

She enquired anxiously if Clement was in a place of safety, and she showed great signs of joy when Lucius informed her that he was in the house with them.

"But," asked Lucius, "where did Eusebius get his information originally? Some member of our household must have turned traitor."

"You are right," she replied. "The traitor was none other than the freedman Alexander, on whom your father had conferred such great favours. The position which he held in your household, coupled with his natural acuteness, gave him opportunities for knowing all about the affairs and interests of the family, and he readily told all he knew for the sake of a trifling reward."

"I always told my father that Alexander was not to be trusted," said Lucius. "But how did they manage to procure an amulet so like the one in the possession of Clement's parents?"

"Alexander," she replied, "was in Jason's service in Asia when your father ransomed him, and so he knew how to copy with the utmost exactness the charm which Chloe used to wear round her neck. Orontes was thus enabled to have one in all respects similar to the original to the great joy of Eusebius, who hoped that by its means the suspicions of Clement would be disarmed. But you are safe; while Eusebius has returned from Mount Albanus with a shattered leg. He believed that

I had brought misfortune into his house, and so he first caused me to be blinded and then ordered me to be chased off the premises. Ah! I still hear the voice of his little daughter, as in her distress she cried out, 'Phœbe, Phœbe.' I became unconscious in the street, but someone picked me up and brought me here, where I have received much kindness."

"Poor Phœbe," said Lucius compassionately. "I will see that you are well cared for. But tell me, what were they saying about Clement?"

"That he had disappeared," she replied.

"And about Orontes?"

"That he, too, had vanished. Ah! what a man he was. He could act any part like a skilful player; he could according to circumstances assume any garb, and change his gait and gestures and voice at pleasure. I assure you that their plan would have succeeded marvellously were it not for the good Genius who certainly protects the Christians."

Here they were interrupted by the deacon Paul, who came to inform Lucius that the sick man had become suddenly worse; and so the young noble, after promising the poor blind woman that he would soon return, hastened off to Clement's bedside.

(To be continued.)

Old and New Year.

NEW Year met me somewhat sad:

Old Year leaves me tired,
Stripped of favourite things I had,
Baulked of much desired:
Yet farther on my road to-day,
God willing, farther on my way.

New Year coming on apace,

What have you to give me?
Bring you scathe or bring you grace,
Face me with an honest face,
You shall not deceive me.
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
It needs shall help me on my road,
My rugged way to heaven, please God.

CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

Provincial Gittings.

St. Saviour's, Broadway, Worcs.—Last month Broadway was honoured by a visit from his Grace the Archbishop of Birmingham, Dr. Ilsley. The occasion was the ordination of two of our students and four from the Dominican Priory of Hawkesyard, Staffordshire. This ordination was the first performed by Dr. Ilsley since his elevation to the Archiepiscopal dignity and reception of the Sacred Pallium. The ceremonies began at 8 o'clock on Thursday, December 21st, when the Diaconate was conferred on Fathers Xavier and Norbert. Friday saw the arrival of our Dominican brethren, and a second ordination took place on Saturday, 23rd. Father Xavier and three Dominican students were raised to the Priesthood and one received the Subdiaconate.

The church was tastefully decorated at Christmas, the Crib, which was the work of Miss Lawson and Miss Rowbotham, being an object of special admiration. There were two High Masses, at midnight and at 10 o'clock a.m. Father Rector was the Celebrant and Preacher at the Midnight Mass.

Our students have now begun to take their turn at preaching. Father Peter was the first and sustained the ordeal successfully on Sunday evening, December 31st.

On Sunday, December 17th, the collections throughout the day were devoted to the Fund for "St. Anthony's Bread" for the poor of the parish, and a good sum was realized for this most deserving object. A special sermon on the occasion was preached at the last Mass on that day by Father Vicar.

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Ardoyne, Belfast.—By special request the Rector preached two sermons on the second and third Sundays of Advent, the subject being, "The Harvest of the Earth." As is usual on such occasions there were very large congregations each evening, the spacious church being densely packed. The object of the sermons was to elicit prayers for the dying sinner. The value of the soul in God's sight and what its sal-

vation means to the sinner were the leading points in the discourses. Needless to say, Father Hubert, with his usual earnestness, very forcibly put these points before his hearers, and we have no doubt was successful in obtaining many prayers for this charitable object.

The Confraternities attached to Holy Cross have received fresh impetus by reason of the new directors appointed to them. Father Felix has taken in hands the Men's Confraternity of the Holy Family, and the Vicar, Father Bertrand, has charge of the Women's Sodality of the Cross and Passion. The numbers of each Sodality have very considerably increased, and great hopes are entertained that before long they will be restored to their original flourishing condition.

The feature of attraction at present in Ardoyne is the Crib. With his usual artistic taste Brother Edward has made the scene of Bethlehem this year even more realistic than usual. In the distance we catch a glimpse of Bethlehem aglow with lights suggestive of the crowded inns, in none of which there was room for the pilgrims from Nazareth. The cave hewn out of the rocks where the great mystery of love was accomplished is very vividly pictured. Within the cave the shepherds are seen reverently adoring the new born King, while hovering over the entrance are groups of angels with scrolls proclaiming the message of peace on earth to men and of glory to God in the highest. The scene is specially attractive for children, who never seem to weary of gazing on this realistic imitation of the humble birthplace of the Saviour of the world.

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St. Mungo's, Glasgow.—The annual Retreat was given to the Children of Mary by Rev. Father Charles. The numbers attending each evening constituted a record, and his discourses on their duties in life were much appreciated. After the closing discourse the Father Rector consecrated thirty new members.

Father Taylor, St. Peter's College, Bearsden, gave a lecture to the Y.M.S. during the month. His subject was, "The Little Flower."

On the Sunday within the Octave of the Immaculate Conception there was Solemn Benediction and a procession, in which the Children of Mary, the school children, and the Boys' Brigade took part. The sermon was preached by the Father Rector.

The Society of Angels held a tea-party and dance, at which over three hundred were present.

Father Thomas gave a successful Mission at Sevenston from the 10th to the 17th ult.

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St. Anne's, Sutton, Lancs. — A very successful Retreat was given by the Rev. Father Vicar to the Children of Mary. The closing ceremony, which took place on the Sunday within the Octave of the Immaculate Conception, was marked by a procession of the members of the Society around the church. It was remarked that such was the increase in the ranks of the Sodality that they formed almost a complete ring round the church.

A new Crib set of statues has been tastefully decorated by Father Damien.

Mother Christina, who has been stationed in Sutton for twenty years, recently retired from the Infant School under the Superannuation Act. The proposal to present her with a testimonial has been taken up enthusiastically by the parishioners. The presentation will be made on the night of the annual Tea Party, which this year will be followed by the Children's Play.

Successful Retreats were given during the month by Rev. Father Ambrose at West Derby Road, Liverpool and Rev. Father Theodore at Crompton, Lancs.

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St. Mary's, Harborne. — The feast of the Immaculate Conception was kept with great solemnity on Sunday, December 10th. There was Solemn High Mass celebrated by Very Rev. Father Isidore (Rector of Broadway), with Fathers Raymund and Martin as Deacon and Sub-Deacon. Father Columban was the preacher. Exposition of the Blessed

Sacrament took place from the Mass till the evening service, when Father Camillus preached on the "Prerogatives of Our Lady."

On Friday, December 8th, Dr. Ilsley was solemnly invested with the Sacred Pallium at St. Chad's Cathedral amid the rejoicing of both clergy and laity. The Passionists were represented at the ceremony by Very Rev. Father Isidore, Rector of Broadway, and Very Rev. Father Bruno, Rector of Harborne. It was the common opinion that the ceremony, both ritual and music, was comparable to anything carried out even at Westminster Cathedral.

We have the greatest pleasure in announcing that the Whist Drive held in the Institute during the month was an enormous success: the amount taken was very nearly £14. We thank most sincerely all those who lent their kind assistance, whether by taking tickets or by their attending at the Institute in person, and especially would we like to thank our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, for their generosity in providing the refreshments.

The Brothers of the Passion held their monthly meeting in the church, and were addressed by Father Columban. The attendance might have been better, but perhaps the weather had a lot to do with it. Father Bonaventure leaves this month to preach a course of sermons abroad in January. Father Vicar preached the sermons at West Bromwich on the occasion of the opening of the new tower of the church.

The church was very prettily decorated for the Christmas festival. Flowers and exotics were neatly and artistically arranged in the Sanctuary, and the sacred edifice presented a rich, festive appearance.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated at midnight by Very Rev. Father Bruno, Rector, assisted by Rev. Father Camillus and Rev. Father Columban as Deacon and Sub-deacon. The music was faultlessly rendered by the choir, Mr. Jones presiding at the organ. Father Bruno preached an appropriate sermon on the Incarnation. The unusually large number of Communicants gave practical proof of the fervour of the parishioners. The Crib, which has been erected with much taste and is admirable

in design, was visited by large numbers of the faithful. After the last Mass, 11 o'clock, Solemn Benediction was given by Father Bruno, assisted by Father Finbar (Vicar) and Father Martin.

* * *

Herne Bay, Kent.—Father Louis, Superior of this Retreat, has had Missions preached in the church every Advent for the past four years, and they have been fraught with great success. This year he was particularly fortunate in obtaining the services of the Rev. Father Stanislaus, of St. Joseph's, Highgate. The Mission, which lasted a week, opened on the first Sunday of Advent, and, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, hardly a Catholic in the parish was absent from the services. Many even came long distances, braving cold, wind, and rain to attend; and it could not have been otherwise, for the eloquence and attractive style of the preacher created a magnetism that drew the people to the church to listen to the sermons, which had evidently a telling effect on the hearts and consciences of the hearers.

During the month Father Edmund gave a four days' Retreat to the pupils in the Convent of Notre Dame des Missions, Deal.

Christmas was observed with the usual joyous solemnities in Herne Bay. Father Louis sang Midnight Mass, and wished the blessings of the holy season to a large congregation.

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St. Joseph's, Highgate.—A very successful course of sermons on the "Virtues of Christ" was preached on the Sundays of Advent by the Very Rev. Father Hilary, Second Consultor.

At the Midnight Mass on Christmas Day a very large congregation was present, and all approached the Holy Table. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Provincial, and the Very Rev. Father Hilary preached at the 11 o'clock Mass.

Father Celestine has been transferred to Mount Argus, Dublin, and Father Stanislaus to Sutton. Much regret is felt in the parish both for Father Celestine, who during his four years' term as parish priest endeared himself to all, and for Father Stanislaus, whose preaching was a feature of the church services.

On the 13th ult. a testimonial consisting of purse containing £66 and a set of vestments was presented to Father Bruno (Rector of Harborne) by the parishioners of St. Joseph's, among whom he had laboured for twenty-three years. An enthusiastic crowd of well-wishers gathered in the schools for the occasion. Speeches were made by Messrs. R. L. Curtis (J.P.), Patridge, Bree, and Walsh, and the Rector of St. Joseph's, who spoke in high appreciation of Father Bruno's services. Father Bruno suitably responded.

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Mount Argus, Dublin.—The Xmas festival was celebrated with fitting solemnity. There was High Mass at 6 o'clock, at which Very Rev. Rector preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion; most of those present at this Mass approached Holy Communion, as did many others during the Masses which followed. Another High Mass was sung at 12 o'clock, and was followed by Solemn Benediction.

The Annual Ball in aid of debt on the Retreat will take place in the Gresham on the 20th of this month. A representative committee has been formed, and is actively engaged in sale of tickets; it is to be hoped many of the friends and well-wishers will be present at this great event of the month.

The religious Confraternities of the city churches assembled on the last Sunday of November to recite the Office of the Dead for deceased members of the Cross and Passion. Father Gerald, Spiritual Director, presided.

A Local Vigilance Committee has been formed in connection with the Dublin Central Vigilance Committee in its propaganda against objectionable Sunday newspapers and literature of an immoral nature. The members are doing good work amongst the newsagents of Harold's Cross and the neighbouring districts.

The following Fathers have been engaged during the month in conducting Retreats to religious communities:—Father Berchmans, at Artane; Father James, at the O'Brien Institute; Father Boniface, at Thurles; Father Vicar, at Huddersfield; Father Gerald, at Leeds.



THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

[*Hans Memling.*